
TURKISH TALES.

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TURKISH TALES:

IN TWO VOLUMES.

By JOSEPH MOSER.

VOL. II.

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ladies present at the
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TURKISH TALES

THE BARBER OF PERA.

ALL the world knows that Pera, or the quarter of the Franks, is a large suburb, situated upon a hill, from which it o'erlooks the port, and is connected to Galata by the

VOL. II. B burying

burying grounds, and by means of that city, to Constantinople.

All the world likewise knows, that the pestilence and fires, so common in other parts of the Ottoman Empire, seldom rage to any great degree in the Fauxbourg of Pera. Thus far general knowledge extends; thus much all the world may be said to know; and when we add, that the inhabitants are a mixture of French, English, Venetians, and other Europeans; Jews, Greeks, Africans, Egyptians, and all the natives of the nations around; that the country is enchanting, scarcely experiencing the rude touch of
winter

winter, and, that one harvest succeeds another, requiring but little assistance from the toil of the labourer, we have nearly got to the end of our knowledge, with respect to Pera.

Few of my readers know, therefore I shall have the honour of being thought the discoverer, that near the place, in which stand the palaces of the French and Imperial ambassadors; in a situation where the view is bounded by the magnificent conduit of the Sultan Amurath on the one side, and part of an arch, whose delapidated and ivy crowned co-

lums, display and commemorate the triumph of the Crescent over the western division of the Roman Empire; in a house so comparatively small, that a philosopher would wonder, how a being of the same species which dwelt in the one, could ever raise and extend his ideas so far as to become the inhabitant of the other, lived Clytus the Barber.

Clytus, had been, like his warlike predecessor, the friend of Alexander, he was also like him a Grecian: having said this, truth obliges me to state, that in nothing else did he resemble the
ancient

ancient hero, for in person, he was thin, in manners soft, talkative and effeminate, in disposition tolerably sober, and in short, so direct a contrast, that many were inclined to think the name was given him in derision.

Alexander, his friend, (who bore no greater similitude to the Macedonian Monarch) was a woollen-draper, and had purchased him of his parents, in one of the Greek Islands. When he brought him to Pera, he determined to make him a proficient in the abstruse science of measuring cloth, but whether the genius of Clytus

was unable to attain an art of such magnitude, or, that he was attracted by the good humour of an opposite barber, and pleased with the variety his shop afforded, is unknown. Certain it is, that he spent a much greater part of his time there, than in that of his master, who wearied with remonstrances, not chusing to be at the trouble of correcting him, and wishing to go another voyage, turned him over to his neighbour Isouf, who dying in a few years, Clytus succeeded him in the business.

Having

Having now settled the hero of my story in his house, I must inform my readers, that near it, among many fragments of stone scattered about the plain, upon its base stood a large corinthian capital of white marble; it had been broken from its shaft, and being under the shade of some palm and cyprus trees, served Clytus, and some of his friends as a table, on which they placed their sherbet, and sometimes stronger liquors; while sitting around, upon such pieces of stone as presented themselves, they used, when the heat or any other circumstance induced them to indulge, to smoke

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their

their pipes, and talk over the affairs, not only of the neighbourhood, but of the world.

On these occasions, Clytus made a conspicuous figure; his profession (loquacious, even to a proverb) had not a more distinguished member, or one who took greater delight in repeating what he gathered, than he did. It was at one of the meetings above described, when the discourse had subsided for a few seconds, that Clytus, (fearing they might forget to use their tongues) contrived to revive it, by asking if they had ever heard the story of the man that
never

told a lie? No! Was the general answer; he therefore began:

“ In a small town, on the banks of that immense body of fresh water, called the Caspian Sea; there lived a man of the name of Tasmachan. Here he was interrupted, by an old woman that kept is house, who came to inform him, that he was waited for by a customer. Clytus, after two or three attempts to proceed in his story, which were over ruled by the bawling of the messenger, reluctantly followed her to his shop, where, when he arrived, he observed that a fair and beautiful youth

youth was seated. Clytus immediately laid his hand upon his chin, and finding that he stood in no need of his assistance, he angrily demanded of the old woman the reason why she stopped him in one of his best stories?

“ That your story was interrupted (said the stranger) was entirely owing to me; I have come from a considerable distance, have travelled all day, am wearied, and wish for a private lodging, to which, as I am a stranger in the town, and you, from your profession, must have a general acquaintance, I had hopes you could

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have

have directed me” “Privacy and secrecy (said Clytus) are what I am famous for, your good stars, certainly have pointed out this house to you. If you wish to disburden your mind of any affairs that press upon it, I am the only man in Pera to apply to; it was but yesterday, when I went to trim the immense beard of Napthali the levite, that Sheba, his daughter, who (by the bye) is the beautifulest Hebrew, in the dominions of the Porte, informed me, while her father went to see if his strong box was locked, that she had seen the French Officer, from whom I had brought her a letter,

letter, and that matters are in a train."

"The affair of the Arabian Doctor, whose wife caught him making an experiment upon the virtue of a slave of sixteen, that he had lately purchased."

"The four Turks, who meet every evening in a cellar at Pera to drink the health of the Angel Gabriel, who they say has, in a vision, dispensed (out of friendship to them) with that law of Mahomet which forbids the use of wine to true Musselmén."

"The

“ The large sum of money which the rich Aminadab lent to my poor friend Job, and the care he took of the lovely Louisa his wife, during his absence. The reason why it is convenient to join the estates of old Brandon the merchant, and young Eugenia the consul's daughter in matrimony. The feastings of the Widow Lachrymalias. The quarrel at little Rixors, or the junkets of old Vorax, are known only to me: therefore if you have any thing to discover, I think you may be said to have found a safe depository.”

“ I am quite of your opinion,
(the youth replied) but whatever
intention

intention I may have to engage your secrecy, or employ your sagacity in future, it must be waved for the present, as weariness obliges me to return to my query: can you inform me of a private lodging?

Clytus put his hand to his head, and stood for some minutes, as if in the act of considering; I say, as if, for in reality, he was surveying the youth with greater circumspection than before. He observed, that he was very handsome and well shaped. He then took a mental inventory of his dress, which consisted of a coat and breeches,

breeches, of a faded grey silk, made in the European fashion, and trimmed with black lace, a white callico waistcoat, hussar boots, a round hat and feather.

The long silence which had been kept by a man, whom the stranger thought from his opening, had no great aversion to talking, astonished him, and he repeated: "Can you inform me of a lodging?" Roused by this question, Clytus asked his pardon, and, as if resolved to make amends for his taciturnity, he began: "You could not, as I observed before, have applied to a properer person,

son, nor indeed at a properer time to employ his ingenuity, for I must inform you, that lodgings were never so scarce as at present, and the few families in which you might be placed, are not such as I would recommend to you.

“ Was you to go to Gruff's the Englishman, you would in all probability be starved, because the meat is not cut in the fashion of his own country. You would hear him continually blaming the Turks for their absurdity in not electing the Divan, in the same manner as the house of commons; or execrating the Porte, because he dont seem disposed, either to
intro-

introduce the marriage act, or turn the Mosque of Sancta Sophia into a protestant church. The house of Signora Doran, the Venetian, would be unexceptionable, was it not considered as a harbour for disaffected persons, for which reason a watchful eye is kept over the family, and probably all the members of it may one day be lodged in the seven towers.

“The Frenchman, I should recommend to you, but that he is such an eternal talker, and when you consider, that he has a wife and three sisters, I dare say you will avoid his house, for fear of being borne down by their loquacity.

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“ At

“ At Swhillbergen’s, the German, you would be comfortably lodged, and in no more danger of perishing with thirst, than in the Heidleberg tun; but*****”
“ Hold! Hold! (said the stranger) you have named abundance of places in which I cannot lodge, I should now be glad you would shew me one in which I can.” “ That I will instantly (said Clytus) follow me.” The barber led the way through the passage, and while the youth is following him up a narrow staircase, the reader may pause, as I shall take the opportunity to conclude the chapter.

THE

THE BARBER OF PERA.

CHAP. II.

THE last rays of the declining sun had just struck upon the battlements of a large building in the distance, the tints of which partook of the vermillion warmth of the sky; the trees were spangled with bright reflexes, and heavy purple clouds were sailing

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through the atmosphere ; or, in a word, it was evening, when Clytus and his guest entered a chamber, which overlooked a small, but well furnished garden.

The host went directly to the window, and made the stranger observe the beauty of the situation. "Were it not (said he) for the high walls by which we are surrounded, you would from this place have the most charming prospect in Pera. You would see, on that side, all over the Imperial Ambassador's garden; and on the other, the port and basin. You would also see, to the right, an extent of
the

the most beautiful country in the world. You would * * * *

While he was directing the attention of his guest to what he could not see, the youth was employed in surveying the apartment, of which a small bed, a few chairs, and a mirror, composed the whole of the furniture; he therefore stopped Clytus, by saying, the room would answer his purpose; and putting a gold sultana into his hand, told him to send a light, a few biscuits, and a glass of water, and that he desired to be left to his repose.

The sight of the gold equally astonished and pleased the barber, who redoubled his offers of service till he received another hint of the weariness of his guest; he then descended, and sent the old woman, who reported that she had carried the stranger what he had asked for, and that he had retired for the night.

Whether any great inclination to sleep had taken possession of the guest it is not certain; but it is certain that there was very little on the part of the host. A sultana was a sum that did not very frequently come into his hands

hands at one time; therefore, when he entered his shop, he looked at it with pleasure, saying, This is a fortunate day! But, as in the mind of Clytus, curiosity was a much stronger passion than avarice, he began to conjecture who the stranger was, where he came from, whither he was going, and when he meant to depart; and after he had spent some time in raising and resolving doubts, as his spirits were too much alive to permit him to stay at home, he sallied forth to the spot where he had left his friends, who, it must be remarked, were tradesmen, that retired to avoid the heat of the

day, or to enjoy the cool of the evening, and, in short, loitered in this favorite place the greatest part of their time.

“ Oh fortunate day! (said Clytus, clapping his hand upon his pocket as he advanced) I have, my friends, met with an adventure (they all gathered about him) which I intend to keep a profound secret; the disappointment that sat upon their features found its way to his heart. I design, said he, to keep the adventure of this day a profound secret; yet as it is impossible that a stranger should appear in this quarter unnoticed

noticed by you, thus much I may venture to inform you, that such a one is arrived, and lodges in my house. The reason why I am not more explicit, (said he, with several significant nods) I believe is pretty obvious."

Whether any of them guessed that the cause of his not telling was, that he did not know, is uncertain; they urged him, as he chose to be silent with respect to his guest, to relate the story of Tasmachan; but as the late adventure had driven the former out of his head, they left him, to seek that repose which was banished from

from the mind of the volatile Barber.

The morning dawned, and Clytus began his usual course of business; the appearance of customers gave him an opportunity of discharging part of the uneasiness that had pursued him thro' the night. Many had heard of his guest, and those that had not, he took care should not long remain in ignorance of a circumstance, in which they might participate with him in conjecture. When he went his morning round, the story accompanied him; and the stranger was so happy as to have

have the news of his arrival dispersed over Pera, long before he was awake to receive any congratulations upon it.

If this person is come (as he says) from far, is it not singular that he should be alone? Unprovided with any necessary? that he should not have a trunk or parcel, not a change of apparel, or a single vestige that denotes the traveller, was a reflection, that struck Clytus as he returned, and which had never entered into his head before. He was resolved to ask him where he had deposited his baggage. He quickened his
pace,

pace, and arrived just time enough to hear that his question must be deferred, as the stranger had walked out, after inquiring the way to Tophana. "What in the name of St. Basil can he want at Tophana?" (he asked the old woman) "I don't know," was her answer.

The day (a pretty long one, to the inquisitive barber) passed away, and a longer night succeeded, as his guest did not make his appearance. "He did not look like a rogue, (said Clytus) did not seem to have sagacity enough for a spy."

Ignorant

“ Ignorant of the place; young, handsome, generous, where could he have wandered? He knew there were houses in Pera, that were more famous for their hospitality than regularity, and ladies that were such tolerants, that they indulged jews, and even christians, in all the delights which are promised to faithful Musselmen in the seventh paradise of the Alcoran. In a situation, where the host would probably have been found, had he gone astray, he placed his guest, and as I cannot find a better for him at present, I must leave him in
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the conjectural one above hinted at, and give a short account of a family, that may probably have some future connexion with our history.

THE BARBER OF PERA.

CHAP. III.

THE war between the emperor and the Turks, had been carried on with a ferocity which has been too frequently practised by neighbouring nations, whose hearts a series of petty broils, disputes respecting boundaries, stoppage of trade, plundering of carravans, and desultory expeditions, have hardened

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ed against each other. The sultan had sent a large army, to cover the Siege of Belgrade, and though the body of it was composed of regular troops, the wings consisted chiefly of Arabian and Tartarian horse, and a motley mixture of different nations, who acted as free-booters, fought without pay, and followed the Crescent for the sake of plunder.

As the army marched on (notwithstanding the exertions of the officers, to extend the discipline, which was tolerably preserved in the centre) a horde of flying savages, scoured the country to a great

great distance, and on the borders of Hungary, came up with two carriages. In the first, was an old nobleman, and his two beautiful daughters, the other followed with their female attendants, and they were surrounded by about a hundred Hussars. At the sight of this company, a prize was the general cry among the Tartars, when they rushed upon them with a fury, which they thought would have been irresistible; in this they were mistaken, for though they ten times outnumbered their opponents, they were received with such distinguished, such desperate courage, that victory

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tory hung for some time doubtful. The nobleman notwithstanding the tears and entreaties of his daughters, mounted his horse, and placed himself at the head of his men, animating them by his presence and example. But what can valour avail against numbers? More than half the Hungarians had fallen, and the Tartars fought with fresh courage; when Osmyn, the son of the vizier, who was out upon a reconnoitering party, seeing the skirmish from a distance, spurred his horse, and rushed into the midst of it. The old nobleman was unhorsed, and the Tartar chief, in the act of lifting

lifting up his cimeter to cleave his skull, when Osmyn, threw himself between them, and arresting his arm, "Hold, barbarian! (said he) is it thus you support the glory of the Ottoman arms? Is it thus you shew your generosity and humanity, by warring upon a prostrate and defenceless enemy? From this moment" (he continued in an authoritative tone, while his followers displayed the standard of the Bassa) "let the combat cease. Disgraceful to the army of Mahomet would have been the victory of this day, had you gained it; retire, and learn from me, that our august sultan wishes not

to make war upon individuals, he wishes not to disturb the repose, or interrupt the journeys of those who are not in a state of aggression, and while he laments the general evils which the present contest occasions, I have orders to soften the particular inconveniences of it, to the subjects of the countries through which we march, as far as the nature of the service, and my duty to the public, will allow."

While the Bassa spoke, the turkish officers gathered about the nobleman, whom they raised from the ground. He appeared to have great

great dignity in his person and manner; as he was conducted to his carriage by Osmyn, whom in the politest terms he thanked for his interposition. “ Though I am (said he) too old a soldier, to have given up the contest, o’erpowered as we were, had not my horse been pierced by the spears of the Tartars.” When they arrived at the carriage, the attendants were assisting the young ladies, who, upon their father’s leaving them, had fainted. As soon as they were recovered, and made acquainted with their obligations to Osmyn, their acknowledgments were equally elegant and animated. When the ladies had con-

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cluded.

cluded, the nobleman said, " Receive my generous deliverer, the thanks of a man who, almost worn out in the service of his country, has retired, with these his daughters, to a castle a few leagues from this spot. My name is Zenorio, and I hope I may, without vanity, say, it is a name not quite unknown, either in the civil or military annals of Hungary; and though from your attendants and standard I can judge of your rank, I should be happy to know your name, that it may be engraved on a monument, dedicated to the heroes of all nations, and which I shall be glad to shew

shew you, if ever chance should conduct you into the vicinity of my castle?"

"My name (the Bassa with great modesty replied) is Osmyn, the son of the vizier, and intrusted with a command of considerable importance in the armies of the Grand Seignior."

"Permit me then illustrious Osmyn, fearful you should forget your own generosity" (said Zenorio, taking a box, magnificently set with diamonds from his pocket) "to present you with a monitor. May you, when you look

this, call to your remembrance a man, whose life you have preserved." "To refuse your gift (replied Osmyn,) would be to decline a friendship, that does me the greatest honour, but as you are more likely to erase me from your memory, than I am to forget this day, let it be an exchange of tokens between us;" at the same time taking a superb ring from his finger, and presenting it to the count: "and though" (he continued bowing to the ladies) "I foresee danger of another kind in entering the castle of Zenorio, yet the thought of the pleasure that I shall derive from the interview, will, I doubt not inspire

inspire me with courage to encounter it." The distant sounds of trumpets and attabals, summoned Osmyn to the troops, and bowing to his horse's neck, he flew with ariel celerity across the plain, while the carriage of Count Zenorio, moved slowly on to the castle.

Situated upon a majestic eminence, in the midst of a large, track of beautiful country, where as far as the eye could extend on every side, lay the estate of the count, stood the castle of Zenorio. The walls and battlements, the moat and drawbridge, the sequestered

questred state, and solemn grandeur of every object around, would have impressed upon the mind, a strong idea of the feudal power of the owner, had not the crowds of healthy well clad peasants, who came to meet the carriage of their lord, and the sorrow they expressed, when they heard of the engagement, shewn him in the light of a father, rather than the despot of the district.

When the old nobleman had retired, which pain from the bruises he had received, caused him to do soon after he arrived, his two daughters, Jacqueline and Louisa,

Louisa, full of the adventure, and struck with the address, the gallantry and beauty of the young Turk, were eager to praise him.

The eldest said that in their sequestered situation, and with the strict eye that had been kept over them by the lady that had (since their mother's death) been appointed their governess, their opportunities to converse with the male part of the human species had been but few; that the description which their father gave of the Hungarian youth, was not calculated to prejudice them in their favour, but though he was not extremely

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sensible

sensible to the merit of his own countrymen, he had painted them as angels to the Turks, whom he represented as monsters of ferocity and brutality. How comes it then, that this young hero, this saviour of our father's life, should unite all the softness and elegance, which adorn the most polished courts, with the courage and animation which are display'd in the wildest Arabian? "If" (she continued with a sigh) "there are many Turks like Osmyn, I foresee the fall of Belgrade, and tremble for the Hungarian Army."

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The rose forsook the cheek of Louisa: pallid for a moment was her countenance, and the next dyed with crimson, as her sister spoke:

“ Much (she replied) as I was struck with the figure of Osmyn, and sensible as I am of the service he has rendered our father, yet I cannot, were there an army of Osmyns, so coolly pronounce the fall of my country.”

“ The fortress of Belgrade, has frequently withstood, and repelled the assaults of the Turks. The Hungarian eagle soaring aloft

aloft, has often perched upon the crescent, and with its sable wings, obscured the brilliancy of that symbol of Ottoman pride; nor do I doubt, if the armies meet, but there are heros, who, formed with equal elegance, and animated with equal zeal, will (like their Pannonian ancestors) follow their standard, till they have driven these invaders of their country from the confluence of the Save and Danube, to the banks of the Propontis."

"Far be it from me (said Jacqueline) to depreciate the heros of Hungary, but why, my dear sister,

sister, so susceptible? The virtues, of Theodore, (nay, start not Louisa) the distinguished rank which he holds in the army, his bravery and humanity, all promise success to our cause. Though surprise and gratitude for a moment, prompted my tongue in praise of Osmyn, still I earnestly and devoutly pray, that prosperity may attend it. May our imperial eagle, be every where triumphant, till following the fortune and fame of Theodore, it flies on the towers of Constantinople!"

Here she was interrupted by Louisa, who strained her in her arms,

arms, and burst into tears, saying, "Forgive me Jacqueline, for the asperity with which I expressed myself! At this instant, the patriot sinks, and all the woman rises in my bosom, as I think of the uncertainty, the cruelty and dangers attendant upon war." She was proceeding, when a messenger from their father, desired their attendance in his chamber, and their governess entered to urge them to go directly, as she was fearful, the count was more indisposed from the events of the day, then was at first imagined.

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The estate of Alaric, the father of Theodore, lay near the castle of Zenorio. In former years a very intimate intercourse had subsisted between the families; it had begun with the Count's, who, in the earliest periods of their lives, had served thro' several glorious campaigns together, and had been continued, till a dispute about the bounds of their respective domains introduced a coolness, which, as Alaric had a son just arrived at manhood, and Zenorio two beautiful daughters, the jealousy of the latter did not make him wish to put an end to; as he had ever shrunk from the idea of any part

of his possessions being united to, and consequently sunk in the still greater estate of Alaric.

For this reason he had frequently repelled the advances of Theodore; but tho' the father was averse to an intimacy with the family of his neighbour, it was far otherwise with his youngest daughter, Louisa, who, struck with the elegance of the youth, and charmed with his heroism, (which, borne on the wings of fame,) every account from the army had dispersed all over the country) became sensible of a passion which his eyes only had discovered, at their casual meet-

meetings, during his recess from the fatigues of the campaign.

Often had he tried to gain a nearer access to her, but that the equal vigilance of her father and governess had denied him. The only walks she or her sister were permitted to take was in a wood that skirted their garden, and never there unaccompanied.

It happened one day, when Jacqueline, Louisa, and Madam St. Gerrard, attended by two servants, were taking their usual ramble, the youngest sister had stepped a few paces forward, in

pursuit of some object that attracted her attention, when she was alarmed by a rustling in the thicket; the cries of men and hounds succeeded; the ladies all shrieked, and ran different ways; a monstrous boar rushing from the break, and taking the track of Louisa, had nearly come up with her; while a youth, seeing her danger, threw himself from his horse, and attacking the savage with equal fury and success, with his spear, repelled his impetuosity, till some of his companions brought him to the ground. The confusion and fright of Louisa was excessive, she fainted, and when she recovered,

vered, found herself in the arms of a gentleman in the Hussar dress:

It was Theodore.

What words can express his joy, or her surprise, at the rencounter; he removed her from the place of danger; a minute served him to pour out the accents of a most ardent passion.

She had scarce time to return a favorable answer before her servants came to seek her; in a few days a correspondence commenced by letters, which was continued long after the son of Alaric had

returned to the army, where he had been promoted to a principal command. That their communication with each other had ceased by the removal of the servant, was an evil which the lovely Louisa deplored, and till they were called off by the events of the day, and the alarming illness of her father, had hourly been the object of her thoughts. Her attendance at the sick bed of the Count, in some measure turned them into another channel; and they became more diffused by circumstances, which will be the subject of subsequent chapters.

“ Where,

“Where, in the name of St. Basil, can the youth have wandered!” was an exclamation uttered by Clytus, after he had nearly waited another day with great impatience.—The religion of the Barber would not have been mentioned, had he not chose to invoke his favorite saint; but by his calling upon Saint Basil, my readers will guess that he was a member of the Greek church.

“Where, in the name of St. Basil, can my guest have wandered!” he exclaimed again, when he joined his friends at the Corinthian capital. A diversity of opinions,

perhaps equally wrong, furnished matter of conversation to the assembled groupe, over their sherbet; when they had exhausted conjecture the discourse flag'd; to rouse it they urged Clytus to resume the story of the man that never told a lie. The Barber, after a minute's recollection, began.

“There lived in a small town, on the banks of the Caspian sea, a man of the name of Tasmachan.

* * * * *

“The stranger's returned!” bawled the old woman, as she made

made the greatest haste she could to come to them.

“The stranger’s returned! (she repeated) and has brought with him a porter, loaded with a large trunk.”

“A large trunk!—What can it contain?” said Clytus. The company, perhaps, nearer in their guess than they were with respect to the cause of his detention, supposed it was full of necessaries.—The Barber (resolved to know) directly accompanied the messenger, and got to his house soon after the porter had left it.

The old woman went to the chamber of their guest, and was informed that he had retired for the night, and desired not to be disturbed.

Vexed and mortified was Clytus at this suspension of his curiosity; but I hope that will not be the case of the reader, as we can (while the youth is taking his repose) continue the story of the families of Zenorio and Alaric.

THE

THE BARBER OF PERA.

CHAP. IV.

THE attention of Louisa (it has been observed) was in some degree called off from her love to Theodore, by the illness of her father. She was his favorite, and tho' when in health he made no difference in his behaviour to his daughters, the leisure which his

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confinement and sickness afforded, caused him to turn his thoughts to the former events of his life, and brought to his mind, painted in the strongest tints, the lovely form, and amiable manners of his departed wife, Louisa, whom he loved even to distraction. These thoughts also obliged him to turn his eyes, with peculiar softness, upon his daughter Louisa, (who was the living image of her mother;) and his fondness for her, increasing with his illness, at last arose to such a height, that he would neither receive food or medicine from other hands.

If

If Jacqueline observed the partiality of her father for her younger sister, it was without envy; her thoughts soared far above such mean considerations: unrestrained by the solemnity of their present situation, they had flown to the siege of Belgrade, and hovered around the tent of the Bassa.

Tho' the interview between her and Osmyn was accidental and short, the beauty and gallantry of the young Turk had made an impression upon her susceptible heart which every day strengthened. Perhaps a more marked attention

tention to her than to her sister, during the few minutes that they conversed with him, might have given rise to it: he held her hand while he spoke, he did not take that of Louisa, addressed her, and only bowed an answer to the thanks of her sister. Upon what slight foundations are erected the happiness or misery of mortals! had Jacqueline recollected that Osmyn discerned and addressed her as the eldest daughter of the Count, it would have destroyed the aerial fabric of her bliss in a moment.

For-

Fortunately for her repose, no such idea crossed her mind, and she recalled him to her fancy, with every appendage that could add to his charms. She saw him mounted upon his fierce and foaming Arabian courser; she gazed with pleasure upon his animated countenance; observed his eyes, now flashing fire, now beaming benevolence; his proudly crested turban, o'er which the plumes that distinguished the Bassa waved in wanton magnificence; his embroidered robe floating in the wind as his steed curvetted; the green sash, insignia of his descent from Mahomet; the brilliant chain, to
which

which hung his superb cimeter, all by turns engaged her attention. Nay, she considered even the trappings of his horse, the panther skin saddle and golden paws which decorated his back, his bitt, and stirrups set with precious stones, till her unexhausted fancy revolved again to the figure of the rider.

Long would she have dwelt on this pleasing picture, had not the increasing illness of the Count demanded the whole of her attention. The physicians had pronounced his case desperate, they had ceased to administer medicines, and had left him to the
care

care of Father Benet his chaplain, and pastor to the village of Zenorio. As the father, from the virtue of his life, and the simplicity of his manners had long been respected by the Count, and adored by his family and the peasantry around, he thought himself happy, at this awful period, in the friendship of so good a man. He had another friend whom he named, with the Grand Chancellor of Hungary, his executors ; therefore, with respect to the proper administration of his estates he was easy. It was particularly to engage the attention of the Baron St. Justin to the care

of his daughters for which he wanted to see him ; but alas ! the Baron commanded the artillery employed in the defence of Belgrade. To the Father, therefore, he left them in charge, as far as he could have authority over them, which, as they were both turned of eighteen, (the period when females in that country are of age) was not very extensive.

He might have appointed Count Alaric their guardian ; but tho' the aggrandizement of families, the junction of estates, houses, money, and even his jealousy of Theodore, receded from his mind

as

as his sickness advanced, a spark of pride (perhaps the last spark that is extinguished in the human system) would not suffer him to ask a favor of a man, whose promotion and honours he had formerly envied: And while he was endeavouring to conquer his dislike to the Count the castle of Zenorio was filled with sorrow; the angel of Death pierced him to the heart; he expired in the arms of Louisa and Father Benet.

The grand funeral obsequies and military honours which attended the interment of the Count Zenorio, the grief and seclusion

of his daughters, the mourning of the family, and indeed of the whole country, will be passed over to hasten an event which had some influence upon the future destiny of the survivors.

The siege of Belgrade (which has been mentioned more than once) was carried on with an ardour on the one side, and an obstinacy on the other, which spoke them determined not to recede from their charge, in which the eyes of the different countries of Europe were turned upon them.

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The attack, on the part of the Turks, had been almost daily renewed, thro' a course of several months; and repelled, with equal fury, on the part of the besieged. The Ottomans foiled in all their attempts; and sacrificing men, by platoons, for every foot of ground that they gained, would, in all probability, have been wearied out, had not a bomb from their fort fallen upon the grand Hungarian magazine, and blown it up with a most dreadful explosion. Several thousands of the troops were annihilated by this accident, which also carried away a large part of the walls, and filled

the ditches on that side, so that the Turks entered by whole squadrons, who taking advantage of the confusion bore down all before them, and sacrificed numbers, both of the soldiery and inhabitants, to the first effusions of their rage.

Theodore, after he had exerted himself without effect to stem the torrent of calamity which had fallen upon them, wrapped their standard around him, and, with a few followers, rushed into the thickest of the Ottoman ranks; these rash men happened to fall upon that part commanded by Osmyn. The Bassa, admiring
their

their bravery, tho' he blamed their temerity, ordered his squadron to endeavour to inclose them ; this could not be done (such was the desperation with which they fought) till most of them had fallen. Theodore, wounded, exhausted, and alone, was obliged to yield up his sword to the vizier, who had come to the support of his son.

This decisive victory filled the kingdom of Hungary with sorrow; and the people dreaded to see the Crescent every where triumphant. In the castle of Zenorio, while the melancholy news

caused the keenest sensations of grief in the bosom of Louisa; in that of Jacqueline it was mixed with some consolation. She lamented the fall of her country; but, at the same time, if Providence decreed that the Ottoman arms should be victorious, she derived pleasure from the thought, that the conqueror was Osmyn.

Alaric, the father of Theodore, had sent the dispatches for their perusal, which informed him of the misfortunes and capture of his son; he had endeavoured to obtain his liberty, but the vizier (considering him as his prisoner) determined

terminated to send him to Constantinople, tho' Osmyn strongly remonstrated against it, and wished to emancipate the young Hungarian, whose valour he so much admired.

While the afflicted Louisa wandered, like a ghost, disconsolate and forlorn, Jacqueline seemed in a great measure to have recovered her spirits; and tho' the former was taken up in the contemplation of her own sorrows, it was impossible to be unobserved by her that the latter frequently received letters and expresses, and seemed perfectly well acquainted with the motions

motions of the Turkish army, and almost continually dwelling upon the exalted character of the Bassa. As she one morning (soon after a courier had arrived) entered the great drawing-room, she saw that her sister was so attentive to a letter which she was reading as not to perceive her; she had stood a few minutes, when Jacqueline, pressing the paper to her lips, and then to her bosom, exclaimed, "What are religion, family, connexions, all the world, to love? What is the tenderness of friends, or relations, to that of a husband? And such a husband! young, handsome, brave, generous! Let all

all other considerations sink, and be obliterated in the joy, which the resolution I have taken to marry Osmyn diffuses round my heart. Louisa, petrified at what she had heard, suffered her to proceed thus far before she advanced.

Jacqueline started. "Do not my ears deceive me?"—"My resolution to marry Osmyn, did you say, sister? Marry a Turk! Did Jacqueline, under the portraits of her noble father and amiable mother, think of abjuring the religion of her ancestors, and sacrificing her friends, relations and country, to

to the effusions of a momentary passion?

“ Will the daughter of Zenorio, the representative of a family whose best blood has been shed in support of Christianity, here, with the resemblances of her ancestors around, who seem to mourn her apostacy, forsake her religion; sanction a cause, embrace a faith, which the long and noble exertions of her whole race have endeavoured to overthrow.”

“ Without entering into the merits of these canvas representations of my ancestors, (said Jacqueline:)

queline:.) Without intending to compare the two opinions, or wishing to reconcile the Mahometan and Christian doctrines: Without being casuist enough to determine which is the surest road to eternal happiness, I certainly know what measure to pursue, to insure my own in this world.

“ Osmyn, the gallant Osmyn! sues for my hand in marriage; offers to forego his country’s customs, and devote himself to me. Perhaps, if I had chose to make it a condition, he would have sacrificed his religion to his love, and I should have had the honour of
his

his conversion; but of that in future; at present, as he leaves me free in speculative points, why should I wish to fetter him? Far be that thought from the heart of Jacqueline, who loves him to distraction, and is resolved to marry him."

"When?"—"In a few days!"
"What before the time of mourning for our father is expired?" said Louisa.

"It surely is never too soon to be happy. To-morrow Osmyn will arrive; our nuptials will be private; and in a few days we shall
remove

remove to Belgrade, of which he is appointed Governor."

The mention of Belgrade threw Louisa into a convulsion of sorrow. Madam St. Gerrard entered, who was, by Jacqueline, made acquainted with her resolution; she expressed the same objections to it that her sister had, but they were over-ruled by the vivacity of the young lady.

The arguments of Father Benet were attended with no greater effect. Osmyn arrived, and shortly after they were united in a chapel at a distance from Zenorio; they

they returned to the castle, and taking leave of her governess and sister, the happy Jacqueline and her husband set out for Belgrade.

THE BARBER OF PERA.

CHAP. V.

BEHOLD then, the lovely Louisa in the castle of Zenorio, abandoned by the sister of her heart, left by the friend of her infancy, a prey to the keenest sensations of sorrow; to the anguish of suspense, and the fears of the worst termination, to the impri-

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sonment

sonment of her lover. Count Alaric had been called to court, and when he wrote, could give no account of him. When she questioned Osmyn, he said the only disagreement that ever had happened between him and his father, had arisen about the disposal of the noble prisoner: he had been so active, that the vizier was determined to keep him closely confined, till the end of the war. Father Benet, devoted to his studies, and to acts of piety and devotion, was not a man from whom she could gain information, respecting the affairs of this world. To patience, therefore, she

she was obliged to have recourse, and while Jacqueline's letters painted in the most glowing colours, the brilliancy and happiness of her situation, the fair mourner wandered through the long vistas of the gardens, or the forsaken apartments of the castle, indulging her grief, and almost given up to despair.

Happy it is for us, that there is in the human mind, as in the human body, (especially in youth) a constitutional propensity to throw off sorrows or diseases; nature acting within us, points, in mental afflictions, to moments of

G 2 happiness:

happiness: hope at times irradiates the gloom around us, and enables us to bear the real evils of life, in the visionary expectation of the hour when they will cease to exist.

The hopes of Louisa, had flown to Constantinople; often she contemplated the plans and views of that city, as they hung in the gallery, with a kind of gloomy satisfaction. The magnificence of its buildings rising from the sea, in the form of an amphitheatre, the mixture of houses of painted wood, with cypress trees, the domes of the mosques and vestiges of its ancient

ancient splendour, made such an impression on her mind, that this at length became her favourite amusement. As she was one day observing the seven towers, a thought suddenly struck her, and she exclaimed, "Why do I not visit the place where Theodore is confined?" This idea soon grew into a resolution, which every moment strengthened. At first it seemed incumbered with difficulties, and environed with dangers; as she turned it in her thoughts, the difficulties wore away, and the dangers vanished. Every day her plan appeared to her more feasible: she resolved

to mention it to Father Benet and Madame St. Gerrard. She did so, they both expressed the strongest disapprobation; the governess was the first that yielded, fearful of the consequences, from the continual tears and settled grief of her pupil: that she resisted so long, was owing to her own health, which would not allow her to accompany Louisa.

In a few days, the courier that arrived from Belgrade, brought the news that a truce had been agreed upon, between the emperor and the sultan. The good priest, then became less averse to the

the scheme, as the danger of travelling through countries in a state of hostility, was in some degree obviated.

At last Louisa obtained his consent, and taking the dress of a youth, with two female servants in the same disguise, and four men well armed, they joined a caravan, and their equipage, by easy journies, safely arrived in the vicinity of Constantinople.

Leaving her carriage and men at the large caravansary at Galata, she, with her female attendants, took lodgings as near the city as

she could, making continual inquiries of all that she supposed were capable of informing her with respect to her lover, but from those she received little satisfaction. The report was, that the Hungarian General, was confined, but where, or in what manner was a secret. Disappointed in this, she resolved (as her disguise secured her from discovery) to endeavour to learn from the domestics of the imperial ambassador, (who had arrived to treat for a peace) whether any steps had been taken for the liberation of Theodore, for this purpose, she thought the house of Clytus, the
barber,

barber, a convenient situation, as it was near the imperial palace; so wandering out alone, she agreed for, and took possession of his apartment, in the manner that has been already mentioned.

At the close of the third chapter, while the stranger with great composure, was supposed to be taking his rest; we left Clytus suffering under a considerable share of disappointment and vexation, which arose from the united causes, of his arriving too late to question him with respect to the reason of his absence, and his uncertainty as to the contents
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of the truuk, which had been brought into his house that evening.

These two circumstances operating strongly in his mind, rendered him unfit to join his friends; he sat in his shop till it was quite dark, alternately debating within himself, and questioning the old woman about their guest. He thought of what his business could be at Pera, tried every profession, and found none of them suited him; endeavoured to bring his countenance to his mind; altered his opinion of his looks, and discovered that the most beautiful

beautiful face in the world, was extremely like that of a rogue. This idea so strongly prepossessed him, that he went into the back room, and tried the lock of a large coffer, before he recollected it was empty. "He is but a youth," (said he to himself;) and though Clytus had little of the hero in his composition, he thought he could manage him, but the next minute, his fears whispered him, that he might belong to a gang. Impressed with this idea, he reached down a rusty cimeter, and brandishing it, went to see if the garden door was safe; he found it open, he set down the taper which

which he had brought with him, resolved to take a few turns and endeavour to reason away his fears, the subject had now so engaged his attention, that he had walked several times up and down before he cast his eyes toward the window of the youth's chamber; there was a light, he thought his candle had been long extinguished. What could he be doing with a light? Resolved to know, he climbed up a tree (at a little distance from the window) which commanded the whole chamber, he had nearly fallen from the branch on which he had perched himself, when he found

his visionary rogue, turned into the most beautiful woman he had ever beheld, who seemed intently reading. She had laid aside her hat, and opened her collar; her hair had fallen in ringlets over her face, and her lovely bosom was partly exposed to the wondering eyes of Clytus. A rustling which he made among the leaves, caused her to start, and the barber missing his footstep, dropped upon a grass-plat, from whence he crawled unhurt into the house.

Joy, sorrow, and fifty other causes, have heretofore banished sleep

sleep from mortal eyes: surprise and impatience for a considerable time, drove it from the bed of Clytus: he wished for morning, longed for the appearance of his guest, or his customers.

His anxious mind, which kept him wakeing when he should have slept, was lulled to sleep, when he should have been wakeing. The day had advanced some hours when he awoke, and before any customers arrived, Louisa entered his shop, and demanded to know, whether he had any acquaintance with the domestics of the imperial ambassador? With
the

the adventure of the preceding evening, and her figure strongly impressed upon his mind, he answered, "Yes, madam." Louisa started, and so did Clytus. "Am I (said she) discovered?" "You are, (he continued) I knew you, the moment I saw you, how could you think it possible, that any dress could conceal the loveliest woman in Pera from me?" "Knew me the moment you saw me, (she repeated) can it be, that you have heard of Theodore, of the family of Zenorio?" "Heard of them, certainly, (replied Clytus) who has not? How could so public an event, escape my

my sagacity? Who has not heard that Osmyn, our famous general is degraded, and ordered to court, for marrying the daughter of Count Zenorio? As he was supposed from that connexion, to be too favourable to christianity." Louisa staggered to a chair, and had nearly fainted, while the barber proceeded: "You see, madam, I know your whole history." "If you do (she said) I charge you by all you hold dear or sacred! make no one acquainted with it; here (putting ten sultanas into his hand) take this, and if you are secret, you shall not repent your integrity." "Secrecy and integrity

integrity (said Clytus) are my greatest virtues. Your affairs could not be safer in your own breast than in my keeping: your bounty to me is so excessive, that I only wish for an opportunity to shew my zeal for your service. Shall I go and inform Ferdinand, the ambassador's chief valet, of your arrival?" "By no means! Have I not just desired the most profound secrecy with respect to my affairs? Keep your finger on your lips to all, but particularly to the family of the ambassador." "I shall observe your directions, (he replied) I will not even mention them to drunken Mustafa-

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pha, though he is my bosom friend." "Mention them to drunken Mustapha! (she cried in the greatest agitation) no, surely you will not, nor to any one else; my life for aught you know, depends upon your taciturnity; here (giving him five sultanas more) let these purchase your silence; and as you know his excellency's domestics, inquire of them, without seeming interested in the question, if they are informed of the fate of Theodore, the second in command at Belgrade?" "A commission so agreeable to myself, you may depend upon it, shall be executed with fidelity and

and dispatch, (said Clytus) I'll dive into the dungeons of the seven towers, where I suppose he's confined, but I'll bring you intelligence of him." Her agitation returned, and she exclaimed,

"The dungeons of the seven towers! They surely have not been so barbarous as to confine him in such a dreadful place?"

"I do not know that they have, but wherever he is, I will endeavour to bring news of him."

"Do so, in the certainty of being amply rewarded; (said Louisa, as she left the shop) in a day or too I shall call to hear what information you have gained."

“ Oh fortunate day! (exclaimed Clytus, looking at the gold) May happiness attend the house of Zenorio, who know so well how to dispose of their wealth! I am resolved to perform all that is required of me, and above all, to observe a profound secrecy.” Customers coming in, interrupted his reverie; but alas! while he was engaged in his operations, he found that he had made a promise, the keeping of which was attended with considerable difficulty.

In giving dark hints of the trust reposed in him, and making
distant

distant inquiries concerning the fate of Theodore, (of which however, he could learn nothing) he got through the day without disclosing the secret; the next, it became more burthensome, and as Louisa did not appear according to her promise, he began to think she had left Pera. In that case, the talking of her affairs, could not be attended with any ill consequences. He notwithstanding, forbore to go to his friends in the evening, and the secret haunted him through the night. In the morning, Ferdinand, the Ambassador's valet came into his shop; this was an oppor-

tunity not to be neglected. He accordingly asked him, what was the situation of the captive general? Where he was confined? And whether there were any hopes of his release? Ferdinand (who did not want shrewdness) thought that there was something extraordinary in these queries, so much out of the common course of his friend's loquacity. He, in his turn demanded, the reasons for his asking? In an unlucky minute, the barber mentioned the family of Zenorio: this furnished a clue to the crafty Ferdinand, and by some means or other, but chiefly under the seal of secrecy, he gain-

ed from him all, and indeed, more than he knew, respecting Louisa, the discovery he made from the tree, her adventures, injunctions, and inquiries.

Fraught with this intelligence, he left Clytus, and going directly to the Baron St. Justin (who has been already mentioned as one of the executors of her father; and who had accompanied the ambassador,) he repeated all that he had heard. That nobleman, as soon as he had recovered from the surprise which this news occasioned, went to consult the minister, and it was agreed between
H 4 them

them, that Ferdinand should place himself in the shop of Clytus, and waiting for her arrival, bring her to them.

“ By St. Basil! (said the barber, when he saw him enter) I’m afraid -I have done mischief.”

“ Not in the least my good friend, (replied Ferdinand) you could not have done the lady a greater service, than that of introducing her to her acquaintance.”

Another day elapsed, without her appearance (a circumstance more to the satisfaction of Clytus than his friend) as the one, fearful

ful of a lecture upon secrecy, was as much rejoiced, as the other was displeased at her absence; but while they are waiting with fear and impatience for the lovely fugitive, it will be necessary to call off the reader's attention from her affairs, and convey him to Belgrade, that we may inquire what was the event of the marriage of Jacqueline and the noble Osmyn?.

THE BARBER OF PERA.

CHAP. VI.

THERE was more truth in the assertion of the Barber, that Osmyn had been recalled from the government of Belgrade, than always attended his communications.

It has been said that he had disagreed with his father, respecting
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ing the disposal of Theodore.— Frequently foiled by that young hero, and more than once defeated by his courage and activity, the vizier was determined to keep him in captivity during the remainder of the war; therefore, when the cartel was settled, he made, there not being a Turkish prisoner of equal rank, a pretence for detaining him. Osmyn, who adored courage even in an enemy, would ransomless have set him at liberty; and his opposition to his parent, upon that account, caused a coolness between them: that coolness was considerably increased by his marriage with the daughter of the late

late Count Zenorio, according to the rites of the Christian church, and his declaration that he would, unmolested, let her enjoy her religion, not only with respect to herself, but her domestics.

A conduct so new, the vizier took upon himself to reprobate, but without effect; and when he returned to Constantinople, fearful of a storm, if it came to the knowledge of the Porte, by any other means, he represented it to the Divan. Whether the merit of Osmyn outweighed all that could be alledged against him, or whether the Divan had more respect

spect for heroism than religion, is uncertain; but near a year passed before any notice was taken of it, and then, it is thought, the imprudence of Jacqueline, more than any other cause, precipitated the disgrace of her husband.

Not the least trace of the bondage to which Turkish wives are in general subjected, was experienced by that lady in her connexion with the Governor of Belgrade. They entered that city in an open carriage, drawn by eight beautiful white horses, richly caparisoned; pages mounted on Arabian couriers, and domestics in superb

superb liveries attended around; virgins in white drapery, with garlands upon their heads, strewed the way with flowers; squadrons of cavalry, with trumpets founding, and banners displayed, preceded; and the Bassas, Hungarian officers, principal inhabitants, and a battalion of Jannizaries closed the procession. The houses were adorned with carpets and rich tapestry, several triumphal arches were thrown cross the main streets, bands of music were stationed in the balconies, and standards flying; while the acclamations of the people, the sounds of the drums and trumpets, and the softer strains of
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the other instruments were frequently lost in the reverberation of cannon from the ramparts.

To the morning dedicated to splendour and magnificence, balls, entertainments, and masquerades for many evenings succeeded; and the inhabitants of Belgrade, lost in the hilarity of the present hour, seemed to have forgotten all the horrors of war, famine and pestilence, which they had suffered through a series of months. They seemed to have forgotten their relations and friends that had fallen in the contest; their heroes languishing in captivity;
or

or that they were a conquered people, and likely, for a long time, to groan under the galling yoke of Ottoman oppression.

Whether the citizens, in reality, felt all the joy which emblazoned their countenances, is unknown; but it is certain that the beautiful and smiling face of the Lady Governess was a faithful picture of her heart. When she looked upon the splendour and festivity with which she was surrounded, and compared them to the dark woods and melancholy walks encircling the castle of Zenorio, its moated walls, and ivy-crowned towers,

towers, the wastes and forests in its vicinity, the distant village, and unsocial neighbourhood, she considered her happiness as supreme. Adored by Osmyn, flattered, nay idolized by the whole court, she could scarce think, when decked in her magnificent robes and adorned with jewels, that she was the same Jacqueline, who, with her sister, uniformly dressed in white muslin levetts, tied with green ribbands, sashes of the same colour, their hair flowing loose upon their shoulders, and white hats and feathers, used to accompany Madam St. Gerrard in the

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charitable round to the village of Zenorio.

Struck with the contrast her present situation afforded, she frequently exclaimed, "Surely I have never lived till now!"

As many of the Hungarian nobility, who had not been found in arms, were suffered to remain in the city; and many more, attracted by the fame of their fair countrywoman, came occasionally to reside there: With a young Governor that had a taste for splendour and dissipation, and a lady who was entirely devoted to it,
little

little can it be wondered that a long series of profusion and extravagance ensued; that the imagination should be kept continually on the stretch, and ingenuity exhausted, to vary the amusements; or that to the sports of the morning, the banquet and revelling of the evening should succeed in diurnal rotation.

Osmyn, whose good qualities tho' obscured, were not eradicated by the pleasures with which he was surrounded, in a few months saw the ill consequences, and wished to check the progress of such unbounded licentiousness;

but in this he had a task to encounter, to which his good nature was unequal.

Long had he with an eye of compassion observed, that his beloved Jaqueline was so infatuated with pleasure, and giddy with admiration and applause, that she could by no gentle means be extricated from her present situation, though her pregnancy advanced, and her health suffered from too eager a pursuit of them.

Their magnificence, and more than princely establishment, which could not be supported, but at an enormous

enormous expence, had caused exactions on the part of the governor, and murmurs among the people. These murmurs were soon conveyed to Constantinople, and added to them the total disregard of the Mahometan religion, which had before been alledged against Osmyn, and which was attributed to his fondness for Jacqueline, was the ground for the letters of recall, which he received while in high festival upon the celebration of that lady's birth-day.

The firman of the sultan threw a considerable depression upon the

the pleasures of the hour, and when it was generally known, introduced a coolness between the family of the governor, and those of the nobility and principal officers. He had been hastily recalled, murmurs had been excited, and representations made. It was judged, that the justice of the Divan (which was praised with some exaggeration) would not have disgraced so great a favourite as Osmyn had been, was there not a more substantial cause for it, than the public were apprised of: some went so far as to praise the mercy of the sultan in not sending for his head, or commanding

manding his agents to use the
bow-string!

The vanity and affectation of
royalty, which had marked the
conduct of the lady governess,
her connexion with the avowed
enemy of her country—her dis-
regard to her family, to her reli-
gion, became subjects in which
the asperity of her friends indulg-
ed itself, and they waited with
some impatience for the time,
when the former objects of their
envy, should be conveyed as pri-
soners to Constantinople.

The errors of Osmyn, had been occasioned by a passion the most ardent, and a generosity which knew no bounds. Young, a favourite of his monarch, a conqueror, and in possession of a beautiful woman, who from the first moment he saw her, had been the object of his adoration: triumphing equally in love and war, it is little to be wondered that he gave a loose to the effusions of his joy. The first wish of his heart was to make Jacqueline happy; he soon saw that her happiness was greatly connected with splendour and magnificence. He saw at the same time, that the superb
style

style of living which he had adopted, was the admiration of the people: perhaps he did not take much pains to inquire, whether their approbation was blended with it: but the first moment their murmurs reached his ears, as soon as he understood that any part of his conduct was deemed oppressive, he endeavoured to still the one, and regulate the other.

His own errors he could rectify, his own passions, in all, but what related to Jacqueline, he could command, but to restrain her, was a much harder task. Indulged to excess, it was impossible
to

to make her sensible of the necessity that there was for the reduction of their system. To live without the gaieties and pleasures in which she so much delighted, did not (to her) appear existence. The murmurs of the people might roll along the earth, but were too grovelling to ascend to the palace. Osmyn had, notwithstanding his love, observed on several occasions, that she had an aversion to receding from her own opinion. In her present situation it would be cruel to urge her. To the tenderness which he felt as a husband, he gave up the sternness which his situation

as

as governor, as one placed as the guardian, the promoter of the happiness of a whole people required: the dissipation of the court was pursued with the same, or rather extended avidity, till the firman of the sultan, put a stop to it.

That firman, rendered the palace of Osmyn, which had lately shone with such brilliancy, and displayed such scenes of festivity a desert.

Forfaken by her friends, the disconsolate Jacqueline, wandered through the magnificent apartments,

ments, and thought them duller, than those of the castle of Zenorio.

Her husband, her once beloved husband, tried to console her, but saw with deep regret, that his presence did not entirely constitute the happiness of his wife: he saw that she pined for pleasures, which, though agreeable to him for the passing moment, yet when weighed against the sincere love he had for her, sunk into contempt.

The sensations, which this observation excited in his susceptible

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ble mind, threw a gloom over his expressive countenance, he hastened the preparations for their journey; he handed Jacqueline into the carriage, the curtains were drawn close, the guards surrounded them with brandished cimeters, the nobles, officers and ladies shun'd, while the people followed them with hisses and execrations.

The coaches in their train, only contained their own attendants: the word of command was given: solemn, and slow, the procession moved on through the

the streets of Belgrade: When they had passed the gate, they quickened their pace, and in due time arrived at Constantinople.

THE BARBER OF PERA.

CHAP. VII.

FERDINAND and Clytus, had attended at the shop of the latter (as has been already remarked) for several hours, waiting for Louisa with different emotions; when, towards the evening of the third day of her absence, the barber (who in his heart, wished her

safe in the castle of Zenorio) looking out, exclaimed, She's coming! She's coming! Ferdinand giving him a strict injunction to observe secrecy respecting what had passed, desired him to hold her in discourse while he informed the baron of her arrival, and leaving the shop as she entered it, went directly to the palace. "Well, friend Clytus (she began) what news have you heard?" "A great deal!" (he replied) "Of Theodore?" "I can't say of him in particular, though he has been pretty much the subject of conversation between me and the young man that is just departed, and

and who by the bye is the confidential domestic of the ambassador." "A conversation so interesting (he said) I must desire you to repeat." "I will (he replied) as near as I can recollect it; as I did not wish to be too particular for fear he should suspect something, I distantly questioned him as to the place in which the general is confined, and he informed me, that there was reason to think it was not in the seven towers, but in some more remote part of the dominions of the Porte, though where, he could not learn. With respect to the hope of obtaining his liberty, they had

none, till the peace was signed, and that in the mean time, such was the sternness of the vizier, whose temper was soured by the conduct of his son Osmyn and lady Jacqueline his wife, (who arrived a few days since) that he would not suffer the least communication between the ambassador and the prisoners taken at Belgrade, so that for aught he knew, Theodore might be dead of his wounds." "Dead of his wounds!" (said Louisa) and was falling, when she was caught by the Baron St. Justin, in whose arms she fainted. He seated her in a chair, and Clytus, willing to repair

repair the mischief he had occasioned, had his lancet ready in an instant, and bareing her lovely arm, he let her blood. The operation performed so suddenly, that the baron had not time to oppose it, had he been so inclined, was attended with salutary effects; she revived, and ejaculating a few words, which ended with the name of Theodore, a shower of tears came to her relief, while the barber explained as well as his emotion would let him, the cause of her indisposition.

The baron turning from him, in great anger, assured her, that

there was not the least truth in what he had said; that both the first and second letters which they had received from the captive general, stated that he was in perfect health, and in great hopes of a speedy liberation. This intelligence, perhaps contributed more than the phlebotomy of Clytus to restore her, and though still weak, she was able, supported by the baron and Ferdinand, to reach the imperial palace, where apartments were prepared for her. Before she left the shop, she gave the barber a direction, and ordered him to inform her servants at Galata, of her removal, and desire their attendance that evening.

Clytus looked at the declining sun, and was going to ask if the next morning would not do, but a frown from the baron awed him into silence. Left alone; though he had no great inclination for the journey, yet, when he considered her generosity, and that he owed her some amends for the mischief that might have arisen from his loquacity, he resolved to go immediately, but as he thought that it would be agreeable to have a companion, he went first to the rendezvous at the Corinthian capital: His friends were met, and when he opened to them the nature of his expedition, they all

κ 3 exclaimed,

exclaimed, what cross the burying grounds this evening! "This evening! (said Clytus) Men that have commissions from ambassadors, must not start at petty difficulties." "True, (replied Matho) but by the wing of St. Gabriel, the ambassador should go by himself, before I would cross the cemetery, the night after the six slaves that murdered the rich Mendoza, were interred. Or that the quarters of Salamine the pirate were nailed to the wall (said Bruno.) Or the head of Damocles the rebel, stuck upon the gate, (said Capo.) I should have few fears from the dead, (said Otho) but

but the bands of robbers, which infest the adjacent country, it is well known make the tombs and catacombs, their places of retreat for the night.

These observations of his friends, put Clytus into a violent perspiration, which was not removed by Mustapha, who said, it was a matter of some delicacy, to neglect the orders of an ambassador: that he remembered one, to have complained to the cady, who sentenced the delinquent to five hundred bastinados, upon the soles of his feet. "You would not have me neglect this business?"

ness then?" (said the barber) "By no means, (replied Mustapha) but as you will have all the honour and profit, you ought to take all the danger upon yourself." This hint of his friend, was not lost upon the ambassador's delegate, he put a dozen aspers into his hand, and his objections to the expedition no longer remained.

They turned their eyes to the white marble arch, at a small distance; the sun had sunk beneath its crown, and forming a luminous center, spread its rays in vermillion streaks, which tinging the trees and buildings around, faded

faded into yellow, till lost in the purple and sable tinted clouds of the zenith. The observation which they made of the lengthening shadows, and speedy approach of evening, caused them to quicken their pace. They took their way through Pera, talking of the ridiculous, and serious effects which fear had produced upon the human system, and before they had left the streets, were agreed, that the notion of spectres, supernatural beings, and all the long train of horrors and terrors, which mothers and nurses frequently excite in infant minds, were beneath the dignity of manhood to notice, and

and equally false and absurd. It has been hinted, that Mustapha had no objection to wine, and though possessed of as much courage as any sober man ought to have, he said he had talked till he was dry. Clytus who tremblingly declared, that he feared nothing, was also seized with a violent thirst. They therefore thought it prudent to stop on the edge of the town, at a house long known to both, for the excellence of its liquors. The landlord (who was a greek) wondered to see them at that advanced hour, but, his surprise was considerably increased when they told him the purpose

port of their expedition. He shrugged his shoulders: the barber alarmed, asked him, if he thought there was any danger? "None!" (he replied) The strangled Bassa, has ceased his nocturnal rambles; tho' it is certain his spirit long hovered over the tomb of the Armenian priest, who they said was the cause of his death, but since the brotherhood have removed the body, every thing has been quiet: to be sure old Tifri, the prophetess, is said to walk, but that is in a distant part of the grounds.

Mustapha and Clytus, looking at each other; the former called for more wine, and his courage like
oil

oil rising upon the liquor he swallowed, he at length urged his friend to pursue his journey. Reluctantly, the barber followed him, and turning his head, as he left the house, he observed the host crossing himself and muttering, as he thought, prayers for their preservation; this increased his terror, but as Mustapha walked fast, his fears compelled him to run after, and just as the shades of night fell upon the earth, they came to the wall of the first cemetery. Here they halted, and getting upon the stile, looked around. Twilight and silence reigned; they could just discern the

the

the white marble obelisks, which appeared as giants; single columns, many of which were broken, and some lying on the ground, from which the disordered sight of Clytus, scarcely distinguishing them through the gloom, created figures in white robes, in a variety of different attitudes. His fears now became so predominant, that he proposed to Mustapha to return, but this he, whose courage rose in the same proportion that his companion's fell, positively refused, and leaping the stile, he run forward.

The

The barber, in dread of being left by himself, followed him, and though he started at every step as they advanced; they had got near half way through the second burying ground, the darkness every minute increasing, when, at a considerable distance, they discerned a light. The strangled bassa, and Tifri the prophets, rushed into their minds, and taking to their heels, they had run a few spaces, when they were stopped (in no very gentle manner) by a high wall. The shock which they received, suspended their speech for some minutes; in the mean time, the
lights

lights advanced, for, notwithstanding their trepidation, they discovered that there were several, and that they seemed to come upon them, with a slow but regular pace.

The strangled bassa, Tifri, the six slaves, the rebel and Salamine, the pirate; all that they had ever heard of ghosts, visions and demons flashed upon their minds: the spectres drew near, and they sunk upon the ground with terror. The sound of voices now assailed their ears, and all the little sense that till now had remained, with them vanished when they heard distinctly

distinctly pronounced these words:
 “ At the house of one Clytus, a barber of Pera.” At these dreadful sounds, they gave a deep groan, and fainted.

When they recovered, the first objects that struck their sight, were several slaves, bearing large torches, their fears returned, and they were upon the point of relapsing, when a man of a majestic appearance advancing, said,
 “ Whoever you are, that at this unseasonable hour, lurk among these tombs, be under no apprehension from us, we are strangers, who entangled by the darkness of the night, and the devious paths
 around,

around, have, we are fearful, lost our way, therefore, if you are inhabitants of the adjacent town, should be glad to be conducted by you, and at the same time, wish to be informed of your business at this hour in this place." Clytus, rejoiced to hear the sound of voices, which he now judged to be human, and to find he was not surrounded by spectres, answered, " That they were upon their way to Galata, to order the servants of Lady Louisa of Zenorio, to attend her at the palace of the imperial ambassador." At the name of Louisa, surprise, which had fled from the barber,

took possession of the features of the stranger: "Is she safe?" (he exclaimed) "She was so at four o'clock, (returned Clytus) I had then the pleasure of recovering her by bleeding, from an illness, which I had occasioned by my unguarded supposition of the death of Count Theodore." "Heavens! (said the stranger) What do you know of Theodore?" Nothing! (replied the barber) but being the person at whose house she lodged, she naturally asked me questions, and as I did not chuse to confess my ignorance, my reply produced the
misfortune,

misfortune, and my lancet, the cure I have mentioned."

"What are you Clytus, the barber of Pera?" "That very man! (he replied) though I must confess, you have now the advantage of me: for while you are acquainted with my name and title, who you are, remains a secret."

"It need be no longer so (said the stranger) know, I am Theodore!"

"Theodore! (exclaimed Clytus) What the Hungarian General?"

ral?" "The same!" "Oh, fortunate night! (the barber continued) lose no time, the lady is impatient to see you, and I shall be amply rewarded." "That you shall, (replied Theodore) and therefore, in our way to Pera, make me acquainted with all you know concerning Louisa." He could not have imposed a command more agreeable to Clytus. The strangled bassa, Tisri the prophets, with all the rest of his fears were dismissed; and letting loose the torrent of his loquacity, before they arrived at Pera, Theodore was informed of every circumstance attending the goddess

deeds of his adoration. When they came to the barber's house, as the night was far advanced, the disguised female servants, were conducted to the hotel of the ambassador, with orders to use great discretion in mentioning the liberation of Theodore to Louisa, the slaves were disposed of in the mansion of Mustapha, and the general enraptured with the conversation, that had passed between him and Clytus, resolving to seek a few hours repose, or rather reflection, in the chamber, which had formerly contained his beloved Louisa.

THE BARBER OF PERA.

CHAP. VIII.

THE silence and gloom of night affording some leisure, perhaps it cannot be better employed than in accounting for the appearance of Theodore, in the very singular situation in which he was discovered in the last chapter, and in order to do this, it will
be

be necessary to go back a little. The reader that is in haste to conclude, will not be frightened at this, when I assure him it will have the same effect as retiring a few paces, before a man takes a leap, and like that, will only increase our celerity.

When Osmyn and Jacqueline arrived at Constantinople, they were suffered to remain in their palace, having a guard set over them. The vizier observed that their affairs had taken a much more serious turn, than he intended they should, and found that the Divan (stimulated by the
L 4 Mufti)

Mufti) pursued the delinquents with unremitting violence, and that it had been debated, whether they should not be confined in separate prisons.

Alarmed at this, he went directly to the sultan, and representing the valour and services of his son, petitioned for a favourable sentence. The Mufti complaining of his disregard to religion, and a deputation from Belgrade, who represented the exactions under which they groaned likewise attended,

Solyman

Solyman, who thought courage a much greater requisite to a general than religion, received with considerable coolness, the complaints of the Mufti. He had himself made an immense sacrifice to oblige his favourite sultana, and as he was young, and a great admirer of the fair sex, he was the more disposed to excuse Osmyn. With respect to the exactions, when the nature of them came to be inquired into, it was found that the inferior officers had more concern in them than the governor. Upon the whole, though the sultan was not sorry that he had commanded the bas-
sa's

sa's attendance at Constantinople, as it might serve as a check to an impetuosity, which he had more than once remarked in him, yet he determined that should be his only punishment.

In consequence of this resolution, Osmyn was summoned into his presence, where, after praising his courage in the affair of Belgrade, he slightly reprimanded him for his subsequent conduct; his arrest was taken off, and, much to the mortification of his enemies, so greatly had his elegant manners, his address, and the numberless graces of his conversation

fation, wrought upon Solyman, that he became a greater favourite than ever.

While Osmyn, restored to his honours, and enjoying the confidence of his sovereign, appeared to have attained the zenith of prosperity, his tenderness as a husband, his grief as a father, and his humanity as a man, were strongly excited by the situation of Jacqueline. The dissipation in which she had lived at Belgrade, had injured her constitution, the disgrace of her removal, had preyed upon her spirits, and when to these were added the
fatigue

fatigue of the journey, they contributed to produce an illness which from its first appearance, was judged by the physicians, to augur a melancholy termination. Her disorder seemed to increase as her pregnancy advanced, and soon after her arrival, she was delivered of a son, who partook of the imbecility of its mother. The grief of the bassa, great as it was at the beginning, was much increased by the weakness and death of the infant, and as the disease seemed every day to gain upon his adored wife, he shut himself in his closet, and remained inconsolable. The
situation

situation of Osmyn, soon reached the ears of the vizier, he directly visited him, heard his lamentations, and to endeavour to turn his thoughts into another channel, he mentioned the overtures that had been made for peace, by the emperor, and the application on the part of the ambassador for an exchange of prisoners, and particularly for the liberation of Theodore.

The name of Theodore (as the vizier had judged) carried the thoughts of Osmyn back to the castle of Zenorio; dated from which Jacqueline had received
the

the letters of Louisa, before she set out upon her romantic expedition; which letters fully stated her intention, but (so much had public and domestic affairs engrossed his attention) he never till that moment thought that she might be near Constantinople. When the probability of such a circumstance darted cross his mind, knowing how much her happiness was connected with the liberty of Theodore, he set himself the task of obtaining it. For this purpose an application to the sultan became necessary; the favour was granted as soon as asked; and the Hungarian General (who had

had been kept in an honourable, bondage, at a summer palace of the vizier's, on the banks of the Propontis, a short distance from the city) was that afternoon with the basia.

The dangerous situation of Jacqueline, the grief of her husband, made a deep impression upon the heart of the generous Theodore; he had an interview with the former, in which she gave him the letter she had received from Louisa. With equal surprise and joy he read her determination to follow him, and to reside for some time at Galata: he saw by the date

date, that she must have long since arrived. Louisa near was an idea that filled him with extacy. He resolved to see her that evening: to set out immediately. The objections of Osmyn (who wished to send his principal officers and carriage, to conduct her to the palace) were overuled, as the slow and stately movements of the Turks, would by no means suit the impatient Theodore; so taking two of the bassia's servants, he flew to Galata. Their inquiries after the stranger, were attended with success, as far as respected the finding her abode: but alas! He was informed by
her

her attendants (whom he recollected having seen at Zenorio) that she was gone to Pera. Taking them also with him, and some slaves with torches, as the evening advanced, he set out, and arrived on one side the cemetaries, about the same time that Clytus and his friend did on the other.

The darkness of night coming on, the party of Theodore lighted their torches, and with some trouble to explore the way, as the slave that undertook to guide them, (either through fear or ignorance) did not seem perfectly acquainted with it: they arrived

near the place where the affrighted barber and Mustapha lay trembling, and at that instant Louisa's favourite servant in recounting the adventures of her mistress, had mentioned her lodging, which caused Theodore to repeat loudly, and with emotion, "At the house of one Clytus, a Barber of Pera! and these few words produced the events and discoveries which have been already recorded.

The morning after he arrived at Pera, he waited on the ambassador, and was introduced to Louisa, who, apprised of his coming, had resumed the female dress, and

and in one equally simple and elegant, received her lover.

The joy which this meeting gave them (after two years separation) was mutual. The beautiful image of the object of his first and only passion, which fancy had drawn on the mind of Theodore, he found, far short of the original, as she now appeared, he gazed on her with rapture, and pressing her hand to his lips vowed, with energy, never to part from her again! When their transports had in some degree subsided, they recounted their adventures, compared the anxie-

ties they had felt for each other, and formed plans of future happiness. In this enchanting conversation, the hours flew upon the wings of zephyrs: they had nearly forgotten the rest of the world, till the conclusion of Theodore's narrative brought to their minds, the danger of Jacqueline, and the grief of Osmyn. Their afflictions awakened all the sister in the heart of Louisa, the tears flowed from her eyes and mingled with the sympathetic drop which fell from those of her lover.

She determined to go to the palace of the bassa, but as the
day

day was far advanced, and etiquette required that they should devote the remainder of it to the ambassador and the baron St. Justin, it was determined that they should defer it till the next morning; in the mean time, the secretary of his excellency waited upon them to inform them of the happiness of Theodore and Louisa.

If the transports of the lovers were great, joy was not entirely confined to them, one person more, was almost equally elated, this person was no other than Mr. Clytus. He had already been liberally rewarded by The-

odore, and (what he esteemed even more) employed by him in hiring a few domestics, ordering different tradesmen to attend him, and procuring other trifling conveniences.

These commissions gave him such importance in his own eyes, and indeed in those of his friends, that when he met them at the Corinthian capital, he was treated with uncommon marks of respect. The ambassador, the general, nay the sultan himself, could not have received homage with more dignity, or have been better disposed to consider it as
a tri-

a tribute due to their merit. His adventures in the cemeteries, were heard with applause more than once, and he was requested to finish his story that was broken off by the old woman in the first chapter, which, after some sollicitation, he found time to do in nearly the following words:

“ On the banks of the Caspian Sea, in a small town, governed by a raja, there dwelt a man of the name of Tasmachan: his veracity was famed far and near, and indeed he was reported never to have told a lie. So much credit was given to what he said, that

his speech became a proverb, and it was common (when they wished to impress a strong motive to belief upon the minds of their hearers) to say: as true as the words of Tasmachan. Virtue like this could not be concealed, but whether out of respect or envy is uncertain, the truth of Tasmachan became the talk of the court, and the raja went so far as to say, he would make him aver a thing of which he could not be sure. Curiosity was raised, and malignity brooded over the pleasure she should have in detecting him in a falsehood. The day was fixed, Tasmachan appeared, the raja com-

complimenting him upon his probity, carelessly asked him who was his father? Tasmachan replied, he did not know. The court applauded his answer, and the raja (seeing he was not to be taken in the trap which he had laid for his veracity) joined with them; he moreover presented him a robe, and ever after consulted him upon the affairs of his government."

Such was the conclusion of the story, so long promised by Clytus; it was received with an approbation by his companions, that perhaps was more owing to his present

sent importance, than to any merit in the tale: that importance he took care to preserve, by informing them (in a condescending manner) that he was obliged to attend at the palace, and wishing them good night with great dignity. So beckening Mustapha to follow him, and nodding around he stalked off as slowly as if he carried the globe upon his shoulders.

THE

THE BARBER OF PERA.

CHAP. IX.

EARLY the next morning one of the ambassador's carriages, and a large retinue of his domestics were in waiting.

The lovely Louisa, attended by Theodore, set out for the palace of Osmyn: The situation of her sister rose stronger in her mind the nearer

nearer she advanced toward her; nor could the thoughts of her present happiness suppress the tear, which frequently stole from her beautiful eyes.

Theodore observed her emotion; but was too much interested in the fate of Jacqueline, and thought too highly of sisterly affection to wish to restrain a tenderness that did her so much honour.

During the silence which their different feelings caused them to observe, Louisa's thoughts had wandered to the castle of Zenorio. In her mind's eye she beheld the
 gay,

gay, the lively Jacqueline, leading up the dance, at the head of a groupe of the children of the vicinity. She was now bounding over the lawn, or walking arm in arm with her thro' the vistas of the gardens; her thoughts then turned to their hours of seclusion, she saw her sister endeavouring, with cautious gaiety, to draw her attention from her work or lesson; now, her animated features fell, as she encountered the scrutinizing eye of their governess; then, they archly smiled, when her observation was withdrawn.

She

She saw her in the presence of their father, and observed the sternness of the Count melted away, and his reproof blunted, by her constitutional vivacity. She run over their visits, their rides, their dresses, their long years of mutual attachment, and had just said to herself, "Alas, my dear sister! are all these joys flown, never to return?" when the carriage stopped.

• They were met in the hall by Osmyn; the gloom which hung upon his countenance cleared up for a moment, and he welcomed Louisa with the affection of a brother.

brother. He led them into his library, and from thence conducted her to her sister; and, tenderly introducing her, left them, and returned to Theodore.

Prepared as she was to expect an alteration in the once sprightly Jacqueline, her emaciation and paleness were so much greater than she could have formed any idea of, that when her figure (as she reclined upon the sofa, supported by cushions) first struck her sight, she started; a moment's recollection checked her; and, fearful of alarming the invalid, she endeavoured to gain more composure;

posure; she struggled in vain, and at last threw herself by her side, and burst into tears, saying, "Do I thus (after a long absence) meet the friend, the companion of my earliest years; the sister of my affection; my beloved Jacqueline."

"You do! (she replied with composure) You behold your once giddy thoughtless sister, a martyr to her own folly. You behold her with her heart broken, her constitution decayed, and her frame trembling on the verge of the grave at an early period. You see all this ruin, and will probably ask the cause of it.

Know

“ Know then that it arose from the gratification of every passion ; from the fruition of every wish of my heart. Resolved to sacrifice religion, family, every thing to love, I married Osmyn. Nuptials concluded under such auspices (it might have been imagined) could not be productive of much happiness. The reverse was the fact. My husband, tender, affectionate, generous, lived but in my sight.

“ Was it decreed as a punishment to me, for the neglect of our faith and family, that I should desire more towards the completion

of my happiness? Wealth, titles, applauses, honours, were poured upon us: still a restlessness of temper pursued me; my heart panted for something unpossessed.

“Pleasures courted me on all sides, and to them I sacrificed domestic bliss; and tho’ I saw I taxed to the utmost the complaisance of Osmyn, I found no joy but in unbounded dissipation.

“In pursuit of this phantom (which has almost constantly eluded my grasp) I have fallen; the disgrace and removal of my husband from the government of

Belgrade (owing entirely to my imprudence) was the dagger that pierced my heart; and tho' the stain is wiped away, and I feel as much pleasure as any thing in my present situation can give me, that the clouds which obscured the fame of Osmyn are cleared; yet his acquittal came too late to restore health to Jacqueline. In the first hour of my illness (as I too justly feared its termination) I ordered a courier to be dispatched for Father Benet, who last night arrived: I wished to assure that good man, that however his pupil might have deviated, yet the lessons, which at an early period he

N 2

planted

planted in her heart, would not be totally eradicated till that organ had ceased to beat ; I wished him to smoothe the path that leads to the grave, and point the way to the regions of eternal bliss, which are promised to the sincere penitent. For you, lovely and beloved Louisa, may you long, long, be happy with Theodore.

“ Honour and worth like his, deserve your hand as a reward.— Let it be the task of both, when I am no more, to sooth the distress, to speak the words of consolation, and to calm the emotions of the best and tenderest of husbands ;
the

the affectionate, the generous, the noble-minded Osmyn."

Weakness would not suffer her to continue: Louisa, tho' affected to a degree that rendered her nearly as imbecile as her sister, endeavoured to support her in her arms: A long silence ensued, in which they embraced, and mingled their tears together. The women who attended at a distance, fearful of the consequences of this scene of tenderness, went to inform the Bassa, who soon after entered the room with the physician and Father Benet; they raised up Louisa, and requested

her, as she valued the life of her sister, to restrain her emotions.—Osmyn tenderly gave the same injunction to Jacqueline; she only answered him by an inclination of her head, and pressing his hand to her lips. This, with an observation which he made of some alteration in her, obliged the tender-hearted husband to retreat into the anti-chamber, where he threw himself upon the ground in a speechless agony of sorrow. In this situation he was found by Louisa and the physician, who had (at her desire) left Father Benet with Jacqueline; they endeavoured to console him, but with little effect;

effect ; a considerable time elapsed before he was able to attend them to Theodore. In melancholy messages, and mutual condolences the day was passed. The Hungarian general returned alone to the ambassador's; as Louisa, to watch over her sister, resolved to remain in her present situation.

Tho' she did not often discover herself to the patient, (fearful of discomposing her) she continued almost constantly in the chamber; and her hopes or fears, rose or fell, with the vicissitudes of the disorder. For several days the composure of the patient increased;

she was attended by her confessor, and joined him in the religious offices with a fervency and devotion that seemed to indicate internal peace.

A fortnight had now elapsed, and Louisa (notwithstanding the opinion of the physicians) had hopes of her recovery, which hopes (as they sat alone) she was endeavouring to communicate to Osmyn, when they were alarmed by the appearance of her principal woman, who, with great emotion, summoned them to the chamber.

When

When Osmyn approached the bed; with more strength than it was supposed she could possess, she raised herself up, as if in prayer; he flew to support her — she turned towards him — and, heaving a faint sigh, reclined her head upon his bosom, and expired in his arms.

Tho' the Bassa had been prepared to expect the worst, the gleam of sunshine which her previous composure had afforded, rendered the stroke which now fell upon him doubly poignant; he blamed himself for seducing his beloved Jacqueline from her friends and country; accused him-
self

self as the author of her affliction ; then, in a paroxysm of sorrow, wished they had never met : the next minute, wildly gazing upon her lifeless face, he threw himself by her side, and declared that even death should not part them !

Tho' Louisa was equally affected, her grief was forced to recede before her endeavours to repress his extravagance. She reminded him of his tenderness to her sister, that he had (on a former occasion) been the saviour of their lives, and how little he had to reproach himself with in the character of a husband. By the assistance of his domestics

domestics he was conveyed to his chamber, from which he never stirred till he attended the funeral of his beloved wife, who was interred with great magnificence in the Christian cemetery.

After the loss of her sister, Louisa returned to the protection of the lady of the Imperial Ambassador.

The negociation, for peace as is the case with Turkish treaties, proceeded but slowly, and several months passed before it was signed; soon after that event they made

made preparations for their return to Hungary.

The intimacy in which Theodore and Louisa had lived in Pera, had endeared them more to each other; accompanied by Father Benet they were upon the point of setting out for Zenorio, and she promised to compleat his happiness upon their arrival.

Tho' more than half a year had passed since the death of Jacqueline, the noble Osmyn had drooped so exceedingly, and become so spiritless, that the sultan, (who lamented the sorrow of a
man

man he esteemed) to call off his attention from one object, appointed him to go (in a public character) to Vienna, to be present at the final ratification of the treaty: He therefore resolved to accompany Theodore and Louisa to their seat, and attend at the celebration of their nuptials.

Clytus, who had contrived to make himself useful to Théodore, and by that means kept possession of his favour, was, by him recommended to the Bassa, who employed him as one of the attendants upon his embassy, and sent him forward to the Imperial court.

Oh,

“Oh, fortunate day! (said he, when he took leave of his friends) I am now called to a considerable post, and am going to conduct a negociation that will do honour to this country. May you all be as successful as I have been! But remember this, tho’ a man may be fortunate, by St. Basil! he must have great talents to make the figure in history, that is likely to be made by

THE BARBER OF PERA.”

CON-

CONCLUDING CHAPTER.

AT the time that the imperial Ambassador and the baron St. Justin left Constantinople, the lovers, Osmyn, and Father, Benet, formed part of their cavalcade: they travelled together to the borders of Hungary, where they separated, as the minister proceeded to Vienna by the way of Belgrade; a place, the sight of which the late governor of it wished to avoid

avoid. Though he had sent Clytus and many servants before him, his suit was still numerous; those of Theodore and Louisa were equally so. The harvest in some places, and vintage in others, and all the cheerfulness which a plentiful season inspires, added to the pleasures of their journey. They travelled through plains watered by the Danube and Save; through the most luxuriant country in Europe, and at a time of the year when the fervid heat of summer was succeeded and meliorated by the autumnal breeze. Struck with the various beauties of the prospects around, lamenting that districts upon which the Omnipotent had

had bestowed its bounties with such liberality, should ever be subject to the ravages of war, and the ferocity of mankind, enjoying every change which hill and dale, shade and sunshine afforded, by easy journies, they approached the castle of Zenorio.

From a distant mountain, Louisa first discerned its lofty turrents rising above the woods, in solemn magnificence; the tear stole down her cheek as the reflexion upon the loss of her father and sister passed across her mind, it was wiped away by Theodore, but before he could speak a word of condolence, their attention (by

violent and continual shouts) was directed to another object.

They looked out, and found themselves surrounded by the tenants of Count Alaric, and the villagers of Zenorio, the latter would not suffer the carriage to pass, till they had congratulated their lady upon her return, they then gave place to the friends of Theodore, and went to the carriage of Father Benet, the good old man alighted, and the meeting between them was like that of a parent and his children.

When they had travelled a few miles further, they were met by the

the father and mother of Theodore, Madame St. Gerrard, and all the principal nobility of the country; the congratulations of the company impeded their progress so much that it was near evening when they arrived at the castle.

A sumptuous entertainment was provided, and the rooms shone with their ancient splendour.

Osmyn, who had been introduced to Alaric and the countess, partook of the general festivity, and for some hours seemed to have lost his sorrow, in the hilarity around him. When the party separated he retired with The-

odore to the castle of his father. A week was spent in magnificent preparations, at the end of which the lovers were united in the chaple of Zenorio.

Upon this joyful occasion, the festivities were renewed, not only in the village, but through the whole district; to which the union of two families equally opulent and beneficent was a source of pleasure.

Of the feudal tyranny, that reigned around, nothing had ever been practised by them; so that the peasants hailed this æra as a period that promised a continuation

tion and extension of the blessings they enjoyed, blessings which in fact, reverted with interest, to their lord; for while the tenants of other domains, complained of hardships, and pined for liberty; the inhabitants of this happy district, protected and assisted by their superiors, increased in riches and content, and they considered themselves as peculiarly favoured by providence, who lived upon the estates of Alaric and Zenorio.

When the tumult attendant upon their nuptial celebration had subsided, and a few weeks of quiet had elapsed; as the time for Osmyrn to appear at the court of

of Vienna, was nearly arrived, Theodore and Louisa (who was every day more endeared to him) accompanied him thither.

The gallantry and sufferings of the Hungarian general, were not unknown to the emperor: he was received with applause, and complimented upon his exertions, and as a more solid proof of the monarch's favour, the title of Count of Zenorio, was revived in him, to which was added a considerable grant of lands adjoining to his estates.

The beauty of Louisa, shone with unrivalled lustre at the imperial court, yet such was the
3 affable

affable dignity of her manners, and the elegant modesty of her behaviour, that she was a distinguished favourite of the empress, and enjoyed the friendship of all the ladies of her train.

Though the young countess spent a winter in one of the gayest cities in Europe, and amidst the splendour of a luxurious court, the dissipation around, had no effect upon her disposition.

She remembered the fate of her beloved Jacqueline. Attached to her husband, and fond of domestic life, she was equally happy with Theodore; when the approach

approach of spring favoured their return to Zenorio. If they were happy to behold again the village spire, and the turrets of their peaceful mansion, their return diffused a still greater joy among their neighbours and dependants; the mutual attachment that had long subsisted under their influence has become perennial, and while the succeeding generations of the peasantry, have been long noted for their fidelity and attachment to their lords, the family of Zenorio hath been equally renowned for the courage, humanity and benevolence of its representatives.

F I N I S.